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Title: Upon Whistling Winds

Author: Hawk

Upon Whistling winds,
A hint of dawn wrestles
flowers,
To yawn and stretch
their wings across the
grass;
Catching toes in gentle
whisper.

A storm carries the
night,
To a land of High winds,
Where a man stands at
the edge of a castle,
Crying, "Where is the
one..
For whom my heart

mourns.."

The man..
Distant and faded,
With a single spark of
spirit,
Kissed the sky with
outstretched hands,

And was seen no more.